Relative Dimensions

(Till bells ringing, bleeps of scanners.)
Shop Assistant: Happy New Year!
(Sounds of shoppers.)

(TARDIS control room. Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh! Never again.
LUCIE MILLER: Out of the way, then.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, we are never going to do that again.
LUCIE MILLER: That's what me Mum says every year. Go on, budge out the way. Oh, my feet are a disaster area.
THE DOCTOR: How can humans do that to themselves?
LUCIE MILLER: It was your idea.
(TARDIS door closed.)
THE DOCTOR: It most certainly was not.
LUCIE MILLER: You said where's the best place to do Christmas shopping, so I said...
THE DOCTOR: The January sales. You see, it was your idea.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, makes sense to me.
THE DOCTOR: Purgatory. Like going into battle.
LUCIE MILLER: Bet you got some killer bargains, though. Whoo, what you got? What's this?
(Rustling paper.)
THE DOCTOR: Hands off.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! What are these...
THE DOCTOR: No, no, no, no, surprises.
LUCIE MILLER: Er - considering it's just the two of us, you've got enough to feed an army.
THE DOCTOR: It might be more than just two.
LUCIE MILLER: More than us? A cosy Christmas, you said. Cosy and alien-free. You promised.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, well...
LUCIE MILLER: Well, who, then?
THE DOCTOR: Just a couple of friends?
LUCIE MILLER: Friends? Not sure you have friends. Let's face it, we all take our lives in our hands just meeting yer.
THE DOCTOR: I got you through the sales, didn't I?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh yeah. The sales. Where did you get that debit card, anyway?
THE DOCTOR: Don't worry, it's all above board. My untouched UNIT salary has accrued a fair whack of interest over the years.
LUCIE MILLER: Okay. So, who is coming for Christmas?
THE DOCTOR: Susan and Alex.
LUCIE MILLER: Who?
THE DOCTOR: I told you - old friends. Lucie, they're important to me.
LUCIE MILLER: But - who are they? Where are they from? When are they from?
THE DOCTOR: Lucie...
LUCIE MILLER: Yes?
THE DOCTOR: Christmas has to be perfect.
LUCIE MILLER: What, like last time?
THE DOCTOR: I know. I've lots to make up to you, so Christmas in the TARDIS. No alien invasions, no windswept monasteries...
LUCIE MILLER: No hit and runs. No flat-lining.
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry. You deserve a perfect Christmas. Please.
LUCIE MILLER: No sprouts. That'd be a good start.
THE DOCTOR: Anything else?
LUCIE MILLER: Bats.
THE DOCTOR: Sorry?
LUCIE MILLER: You've got bats up there.
THE DOCTOR: Oh ... Oh, no, not bats. They're Fledershrews. They live here. You've seen them before, surely? They're quite harmless and clean, aren't you?
(Noise of creatures.)
LUCIE MILLER: There's twice as many as last time I was here. And there was a dead one, all burnt, outside my room. Have you had Rentokil in at last?

THE DOCTOR: Certainly not. All right. I'll take a look.
LUCIE MILLER: Huh. Perfect Christmas. What could possibly go wrong?
(Sounds of other creatures, more ferocious.)

(Noise of being on ladder. The Holly and the Ivy is bein sung in the background.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hiya.
THE DOCTOR: Like ... well, like this. Whoah! Whoah, whoah, whoah.
LUCIE MILLER: Careful! Wobbly ladder. Okay, I've got it.
THE DOCTOR: Thank you. Right ... there. How's that?
LUCIE MILLER: Yay! Once you've got the star on top of the tree, that's when Christmas begins.
THE DOCTOR: Really? What, not when the lights are switched on?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh well, yeah, that too.
THE DOCTOR: Or once you've sprinkled toast crumbs down the path for the reindeer.
LUCIE MILLER: Well yeah, I suppose. Crimbo's a family sort of thing, isn't it?
THE DOCTOR: So I'm told.
LUCIE MILLER: But then you don't really have ... I mean ... Oh, sorry.
THE DOCTOR Your family Christmas sounds rumbustious.
LUCIE MILLER: You never met them. Apart from me Aunty.
THE DOCTOR: Yes. I liked Aunty Pat.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. So, Susan and Alex. Is that Alexis or Alexandrina?
THE DOCTOR: Alexander David.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Right.
THE DOCTOR: He's Susan's son.
LUCIE MILLER: Okay. And they're from...?
THE DOCTOR: Earth.
LUCIE MILLER: Any particular year?
THE DOCTOR: Twenty-Second Century.
LUCIE MILLER: Dietary preferences? Sleeping arrangements?
THE DOCTOR: I'm not sure. Susan always liked bacon sandwiches, but Alex. Lucie, I haven't even got him a present yet. What do eighteen year old boys like?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, don't even ask.
THE DOCTOR: I've got to get him *something* .
LUCIE MILLER: Well, I'm sure we'll just muddle through.
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
LUCIE MILLER: Look, if we're switching on the lights now, it's an occasion. I'll just pop to my room and fetch something to wear. Shan't be a sec.
THE DOCTOR: Rooms, rooms.
(Noise, two thumps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oi, Doctor!
THE DOCTOR: Whoops.
LUCIE MILLER: What the flip? What's happening, down the corridor?
THE DOCTOR: What's that?
LUCIE MILLER: Two doors, through there, they just appeared in the wall.
THE DOCTOR: Did they?
LUCIE MILLER: Two of them. Big electro-clonk. There they were, and then they vanished again.
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry to startle you, I was tidying up a bit.
LUCIE MILLER: Moving doors? Other people Hoover. What are you up to?
THE DOCTOR: Nothing.
LUCIE MILLER: Yes you are.
THE DOCTOR: No, really.
LUCIE MILLER: It's another surprise, isn't it? Ooh! This is going to be so much fun.
(Bleeps.)

(Outside, street.)
ALEX CAMPBELL: Right, that's the third bus we haven't got on.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: I know.
ALEX CAMPBELL: He's not coming.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Of course he is.
ALEX CAMPBELL: It's half past. We've been here for two and a half hours already, and I'm

frozen.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Well, do your scarf up then. Come here, let me.
(Car moves past.)
ALEX CAMPBELL: Look, Mum, Mum ... people will see.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: All right. Look, I know he should have chosen somewhere a bit less open, but ... Grandfather said he'd be here and he will.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Yeah, Christmas Eve, four o'clock. But he didn't say which year.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: I know it's boring and you had other invites, but - please, try and be sociable. It's special for him as well as us.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Yeah, I know. But after last time...
SUSAN CAMPBELL: He's not dangerous.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Well, not much.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: You'll be fine. And we haven't had a proper family Christmas, not since Dad...
ALEX CAMPBELL: Yeah. But I don't know what to call him.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Great-grandfather?
ALEX CAMPBELL: No, it feels weird.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Doctor?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Ugh...
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Well, whatever feels right when he gets here. You'll think of something.
ALEX CAMPBELL: You mean, *if* he gets here.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: He will, Alex, I promise.

THE DOCTOR: (singing) The Campbells are coming, ah-huh-huh-huh, the Campbells are coming, mm-hmm-hmm-hmm, the Campbells are coming, mm-hmm-hmm-hmm, the Campbells are coming, mm-hmm-hmm-hmm...
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! You've set the table already. Great. We can tick it off the list. Tick! Ah. Candlesticks and napkins folded like, erm ... squirrels?
THE DOCTOR: Draconian sazupises.
LUCIE MILLER: Wasted on me. Right, Mrs Beeton's pudding's on, tick. The longer it boils the better, she said.
THE DOCTOR: That's to do with caramelising the sugar.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm-hmm. Er - I've started the turkey, and your vegetarian option's on standby.
THE DOCTOR: Tick. Presents under the tree...
LUCIE MILLER: Tick.
THE DOCTOR: We'll have to wing it with Alex. We must have something he'll like.
LUCIE MILLER: Pair of drumsticks?
THE DOCTOR: What?
LUCIE MILLER: Turkey joke. Never mind. Decorations are all up, yep, tick, nibbly things out, tick ... You know what? I think we're ready. Phew! That wasn't so bad, was it?
THE DOCTOR: No, not so bad. Thank you Lucie, that's perfect.
LUCIE MILLER: So we just have to go and pick them up.
THE DOCTOR: We're already on our way.
LUCIE MILLER: Can't wait. So, who are they exactly?
(Juddering sound.)
LUCIE MILLER: What was that?
THE DOCTOR: Oh no. No, not now.
(Voice in distance, THE DOCTOR seeming to call out "Lucie, help me"!)
LUCIE MILLER: Who's that?
THE DOCTOR: Someone's in trouble.
Echoing Voice: (THE DOCTOR) Lucie!
THE DOCTOR: Oh please, not now.
LUCIE MILLER: Down there. It sounded like you calling for me. But ... no, that's daft, isn't it?
THE DOCTOR: That's impossible. I was here next to you the whole time and there's no-one else on board.
LUCIE MILLER: It sounded just like yer. Oh. It's gone all chilly. Something's wrong.
(TARDIS materialisation.)
THE DOCTOR: Not now. We can't have trouble now.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, if there's a problem, just leave. We'll get it sorted and come back here later, at the same time.

THE DOCTOR: We can't.
LUCIE MILLER: Yes we can.
THE DOCTOR: No, look. They're there, Susan and Alex, waiting at the bus stop.
LUCIE MILLER: They can wait a bit longer.
THE DOCTOR: It was just a blip, it's gone now. It'll be fine.
LUCIE MILLER: Funny blip.
THE DOCTOR: It's too late, they've seen us. (Sigh.) It's Christmas, Lucie. Open the doors. Let them in.

SUSAN CAMPBELL: Come on, Alex.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Are you sure that's him?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Of course it's him. I told you he'd get here, he just meant the bus stop on the opposite side, that's all. Come on.
(Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Susan, there you are. And Alex. Come in, both of you.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Hi.
THE DOCTOR: You must be frozen. Happy Christmas.

(Inside TARDIS control room.)
THE DOCTOR: Come on, come in, come in. Let me take your bags. I was worried you'd be early.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh, happy Christmas, Grandfather.
LUCIE MILLER: Grandfather?
THE DOCTOR: Dear Susan. You see, I promised I'd come back.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Mm! It's wonderful to see you again. And the same you too.
THE DOCTOR: Er, same as last time, yes. That must be a bit of a novelty. Hello, Alex. I'm delighted to see you too. Welcome back to the TARDIS.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Hi, erm, Granddad.
THE DOCTOR: You must stay a bit longer this time.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Er, yeah. Thanks for asking us.
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry - Susan, Alex, this is Lucie Miller who's travelling with me.
LUCIE MILLER: Am I?
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, this is Susan my granddaughter and Alex my great-grandson.
LUCIE MILLER: Hiya. Pleased to meet you. Happy Christmas. Have you come far?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Not as far as you have, I'm sure. Lovely to meet you, Lucie.
(TARDIS door closing.)
LUCIE MILLER: Yes. Coats, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Hmm?
LUCIE MILLER: Coats.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh. Where shall we put our coats, Grandfather? You've done away with the hat stand, I see.
THE DOCTOR: Oh yes, erm ... Here, let me take them for you.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh.
THE DOCTOR: We can put them over here.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Thanks.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Oh - thanks. Wow. It's so big in here, I'd forgotten.
THE DOCTOR: Spacious. Do you approve?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Well, it's a bit Gothic.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh! Look at the Christmas tree. It's beautiful. You've gone to so much trouble.
THE DOCTOR: Norwegian spruce, with roots. Lucie chose it specially.
LUCIE MILLER: It's going straight back afterwards. We're very ecological.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Then you really can pilot the TARDIS where you like now?
THE DOCTOR: Couldn't I always.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh Grandfather, you know that's not true.
THE DOCTOR: Well, I was a lot older then.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Mm. You certainly were.
THE DOCTOR: Right, who wants drinks? There's mulled Ambrosian glüwein.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Mm.
LUCIE MILLER: He mulled it himself.

SUSAN CAMPBELL: Yes, please. I remember the planet Ambrosia. Everything smelled of spice.
THE DOCTOR: Apart from their sovereign.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Which is why she was the ruler.
(THE DOCTOR laughs.)
LUCIE MILLER: What?
ALEX CAMPBELL: It's one of their stories.
LUCIE MILLER: Obviously.
THE DOCTOR: Or there's, er, ginger beer, fruit juice. Alex?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Oh, have you got any lager?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Alex...
ALEX CAMPBELL: Non-alcoholic lager, then.
LUCIE MILLER: (laugh) It's okay. I'm sure we've got something in the galley.
THE DOCTOR: Thanks, Lucie. Come on, Susan, we can sit down over in the library.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Library?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Need a hand?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, ta.
THE DOCTOR: Don't wander too far, you two. Grand tour after dinner.
ALEX CAMPBELL: We won't.
LUCIE MILLER: Don't blame yer. Think I need a drink too. All the hugging gets a bit much.
ALEX CAMPBELL: You're not kidding.
(Strange echoing again)
Echoing Voice: (LUCIE MILLER) The wine's in here.
(Bubbling sound of pudding steaming.)
LUCIE MILLER: Ooo. That's weird. The air shivered. Did you feel it?
ALEX CAMPBELL: What's down the corridor?
LUCIE MILLER: I thought you'd been here before?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Once, and only in the control room. My mum tried explaining about the TARDIS.
LUCIE MILLER: I know, but you wouldn't believe it unless you saw it. It goes on and on, a bit like the Doctor.
ALEX CAMPBELL: (laugh.) Yeah.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm sure things have shifted about in 'ere. Sorry. We needed a drink, didn't we, eh?
(Drink sounds.)
LUCIE MILLER: Here.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Oh, thanks.
(Ring pull of cans opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: Excuse me while I get the vegetables started.
ALEX CAMPBELL: So, you travel with him?
LUCIE MILLER: Used to, I suppose. He was showing me round the Universe. No limits really.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Amazing.
LUCIE MILLER: That's putting it mildly. Do you think I've done enough parsnips?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Well, maybe?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh look, sorry. I got a bit gob-smacked when you arrived. The Doctor never said you were family.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Mm. He only told me about six months ago when we had a bit of trouble with the Guldreasi. But that's all sorted now.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, good. And the Twenty-Second Century? Is it all high-tech and no coastlines, I mean, with global warming?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Er ... no, not really. So ... are - are you ... are you an alien?
LUCIE MILLER: What?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Like him, like the Doctor?
LUCIE MILLER: What's that got to do with the price of fish?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Well, nothing, I just wondered.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm from Twenty-First Century Blackpool, all right? That alien enough for you? And if you weren't the Doctor's grandson...
ALEX CAMPBELL: Great-grandson, apparently.
LUCIE MILLER: Then what does that make you? Half? Quarter? Four sixteenths alien? Or don't we mention that?

ALEX CAMPBELL: Y-yeah, sorry. It's - kind of hard to get my head round, that's all.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, doesn't get any easier.
(Echoing sounds in distance of THE DOCTOR calling.)
THE DOCTOR: (faint) Lucie! Lucie!
ALEX CAMPBELL: What's that?
LUCIE MILLER: Not again.
(Metal door opened.)
ALEX CAMPBELL: It came from down the corridor. Is that someone in trouble? Who else is in the TARDIS?
LUCIE MILLER: No-one. It's just us. There are funny echoes sometimes, that's all. No Alex, don't go down there.
ALEX CAMPBELL: But I have to see.
LUCIE MILLER: No you don't, it's nothing, the Doctor says. Alex, come back!
(Running after him.)

SUSAN CAMPBELL: It's going well, Grandfather. There's a feeling that Earth's really pulling itself together at last. Gosh. This glüwein's a bit strong. And then last month, an Iborian trader ship arrived on Earth.
THE DOCTOR: I hoped it might.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: And there's a trade agreement already. They want to invest properly in Earth development, not take advantage like those horrible Guldreasi.
THE DOCTOR: Good. Delighted to hear it.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: They said *you'd* sent them. Thank you.
THE DOCTOR: I may have dropped a few hints. And what about Alex? How's he doing? I wasn't sure if he'd come.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: He has a new vocation.
THE DOCTOR: Right.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: He wants to be an architect.
THE DOCTOR: An architect? Well. And how do you feel about that?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: It's a bit of a relief. He's studying in London and he's so keen. I think he's found his niche at last.
THE DOCTOR: You're sure it's not just a phase? He may get itchy feet. Don't tie him down too soon.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: (laugh) You hope. Buildings are rooted in the earth, Grandfather.
THE DOCTOR: Not all buildings.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: They are for Alex. I've had to accept that he's all too human. He's not like us - not telepathic or regenerative. He's like his father.
THE DOCTOR: Hmm.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh, please accept that too. He has his own life to live.
THE DOCTOR: Susan, don't tell me you don't miss it, the life of travel we once had.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh look, of course I do. How could I not? But giving it up wasn't exactly my choice, was it?

LUCIE MILLER: Alex, hold on, will you? We should be getting back.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Wow, the structure of this ship is amazing. It's more retro than real Gothic. I'm doing European architecture, right? Well, the history of, but ... but this is crazy. It's like cloisters and catacombs all mixed together.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, but the Doctor was supposed to show you round. You don't want to spoil his little treat.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Hey, there's something up in the belfry.
LUCIE MILLER: That's the shrews. They're Fledershrews, they're like bats.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Bats?
LUCIE MILLER: There's a colony of them in the TARDIS. They're quite safe once you get used to them.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Hey, is this one?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh no. Not again.
ALEX CAMPBELL: It's not moving. Look... looks like it's been burnt.
LUCIE MILLER: No, don't touch.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Like it hit a live cable.
(Echoing background.)

LUCIE MILLER: Oh, there it goes again.
ALEX CAMPBELL: It's turned cold.
LUCIE MILLER: I don't think we should stay down here.
(Louder echoing background.)
LUCIE MILLER: Come on, back to find your mum. Now.

(Console bleeps. Power sway noise.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Whoops! Hey, the lights flickered for a moment. Is the power all right? You haven't fiddled with anything, have you?
THE DOCTOR: Nothing to worry about, I'm sure. I wonder how Lucie's getting on with dinner?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Maybe you should check the supply on the Fault Locator.
THE DOCTOR: Maybe later. Have some crisps.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Won't take a second. I could do it. Here.
THE DOCTOR: No. Oh, actually Susan, the Fault Locator is on the blink at the moment. It's developed a fault.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh Grandfather!
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Sorry, could you come and advise on the brandy butter for a minute, in the galley? Now, please.
THE DOCTOR: Excuse me. Won't be long.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Course. Alex, everything okay? I'm glad you're getting on with Lucie.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Oh, it's hilarious.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: What are you talking about?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Didn't you realise? I mean, I know he's great Granddad and everything, but he's barking, isn't he?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: What?
ALEX CAMPBELL: So is she. They're both as mad as each other. Hey Mum, why is that thing moving?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: What thing?
ALEX CAMPBELL: The big column on the console what's-it.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh, it can't be moving, we're not in f... Grandfather!

(Door.)
LUCIE MILLER: Where are you going? This is the lab. I'm not cooking in here.
THE DOCTOR: Just a small test I want to run.
LUCIE MILLER: Is that Alex's scarf?
THE DOCTOR: Just for a sample. Is there a problem with dinner? You said something about the brandy butter.
LUCIE MILLER: It's fine. Look Doctor, there's definitely something else in the TARDIS, down the corridor towards the wardrobe and bathroom. We both heard it, Alex and I. I think it's attacking the Fledershrews.
THE DOCTOR: Alex heard it too. How did he react?
LUCIE MILLER: How do you think? Interested.
THE DOCTOR: Good.
(Bleeps.)
LUCIE MILLER: What are you doing?
THE DOCTOR: I'm just analysing, that's all, it won't take a sec. Seven per cent? That's not right.
LUCIE MILLER: What? What's seven per cent? Is that Alex's hair you're scanning?
THE DOCTOR: Maybe there's a fault.
LUCIE MILLER: What fault?
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, I have to know. I'm checking Alex's DNA.
LUCIE MILLER: You what?
THE DOCTOR: And according to this his Gallifreyan genes only constitute seven per cent of his complete genome.
LUCIE MILLER: You know, that's a horrible thing to do to your own great-grandson. Have you asked him if he minds? Maybe he'd rather not know.
THE DOCTOR: Well, it's wrong anyway. Must be.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Grandfather! Where are you!
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, someone's on the warpath.

THE DOCTOR: Leave it to me.
(Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Susan, what's the matter?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Grandfather, you lied to me.
THE DOCTOR: What do you mean, lied?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: You promised the TARDIS would stay put while we were here. No trips. But we're in flight, aren't we? We've taken off. You've broken your promise to Alex and me.
THE DOCTOR: Susan...
LUCIE MILLER: Power's going again.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Take us home now.
THE DOCTOR: Something's coming through. Look out!
(Sudden appearance of creature, SUSAN CAMPBELL cries out.)
LUCIE MILLER: Flippin' heck, what's that?
THE DOCTOR: It looks like it's a fish. Keep clear!
SUSAN CAMPBELL: But it's out of water.
THE DOCTOR: What a monster. Watch out for those spines.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Mum, what is that thing?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Alex, get back.
LUCIE MILLER: Look out!
(ALEX CAMPBELL cries out.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Alex, are you all right?
ALEX CAMPBELL: I'm fine, Mum, don't fuss.
THE DOCTOR: Eight foot from jaws to tail, fearsome spines and quills. Armoured electric carapace packing maybe a couple of thousand volts, and swimming in the air completely oblivious of gravity. Terrific.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Where did it go?
THE DOCTOR: Nowhere. It's still here, circling, just under the surface of our dimensions.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Still here?
THE DOCTOR: Go on, back to the control room, all of you.

(Control room, walking. Bleeps.)
LUCIE MILLER: What are you doing?
THE DOCTOR: I've locked the lab section of the TARDIS into stasis. That way our uninvited guest won't disturb our dinner and I can deal with it later.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, do people still want dinner?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: I want to go home.
ALEX CAMPBELL: But we have to see the rest of the ship.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh no we don't.
THE DOCTOR: Oh yes we do, it's quite safe.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: You put us all in danger. Alex could have been hurt.
ALEX CAMPBELL: But I wasn't, Mum.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Or even worse. Grandfather, you haven't changed. Irresponsible as ever.
THE DOCTOR: How do you mean?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: The fluid link in the Dalek city.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, that.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Grandfather, take us home now!
THE DOCTOR: But Lucie's done dinner.
LUCIE MILLER: Don't drag me into it.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Yeah well, I'm sorry for all the trouble you've gone to but we're not staying.
THE DOCTOR: Susan...
ALEX CAMPBELL: Mum, you're so pigheaded.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Well, you know where I got that from.
THE DOCTOR: What's that supposed to mean?
LUCIE MILLER: Oi, come on, the lot of you, shut it.
THE DOCTOR: What?
LUCIE MILLER: Compromise time. Oh no, I'm starting to sound like me own Mum.
THE DOCTOR: Look, if you think I'm going to...
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, shut up. You should hear yourselves. Even my family doesn't start rowing this early. Now, get over it. Right. Dinner in twenty minutes.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: But we can't just...

LUCIE MILLER: We're in flight. You can't leave even if you want to. And that fish thing is trapped. So just open your presents, or doze in front of the Time-Space Visualiser, or whatever Time Lord families do. I've got gravy to see to.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Mum?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: I suppose we'd better just carry on.
THE DOCTOR: Right. Presents?

THE DOCTOR: Susan, this is for you. Just a little something to start with.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh Grandfather, you shouldn't have.
(Opening wrapping paper.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh, a necklace? Oh, it's lovely.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Let's see.
THE DOCTOR: It's Aztec. You remember the Aztecs?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh yes.

(Metal things being moved.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh no! This is hardly done. Bloomin' oven! Must be on half-power. It'll need another half an hour at least.

THE DOCTOR: Alex, I was a bit stumped over what to get, but then your Mum said you were into architecture.
(Unwrapping.)
ALEX CAMPBELL: Wow, these are really old.
THE DOCTOR: They're original designs. Leonardo gave them to me.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Leonardo? What, like da Vinci?
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Wow. Thanks Granddad, they're amazing.

(Whisking.)
LUCIE MILLER: Flippin' lumps! How come me gravy always has lumps?
(More whisking.)

(Cork pops out, pouring of liquid.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh no, only half a glass. Where's Lucie? Shouldn't she be with us? The thing is, we haven't got her a present. We didn't know she'd be here.
THE DOCTOR: She'll be fine.

(TARDIS noises, howls of creature. Zapping.)

(Unwrapping.)
THE DOCTOR: Socks! Excellent!
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Not very imaginative, I'm afraid.
THE DOCTOR: But practical, and no-one ever buys me socks.
(SUSAN CAMPBELL chuckle.)
LUCIE MILLER: Ta-da! Please take your places. Christmas dinner is served.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Hooray.
THE DOCTOR: Look, Lucie. Socks.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. That's what I got you too. Great.

(Eating from plates. Background music is a lone chorister and One in Royal David's City.)
ALEX CAMPBELL: Granddad?
THE DOCTOR: Alex. Pass the sprouts please, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: The things I do for you.
ALEX CAMPBELL: So all Mum's stories about you are true?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Alex...
THE DOCTOR: Why, what's she been saying? Gravy please, Susan.
ALEX CAMPBELL: About your travels.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh, I was probably exaggerating.
THE DOCTOR: Surely not. Thank you.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, how long are you leaving that fish thing trapped?

THE DOCTOR: Oh, don't worry, it's in stasis, frozen in its moment.
ALEX CAMPBELL: But Granddad, you must have been to some amazing places.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Alex, it's Christmas dinner. Talk about it later.
ALEX CAMPBELL: But I want to hear firsthand.
THE DOCTOR: You know, when I started planning your visit, I wasn't sure if we were celebrating Christmas or Yule or Dongzhi.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Because its roots are in so many different cultures.
LUCIE MILLER: Can I top anyone else up?
THE DOCTOR: I'm fine, thanks. But I do remember the first Christmas.
(Almost choking.)
LUCIE MILLER: You what?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Grandfather?
THE DOCTOR: I'd taken my mate Leonardo out for a spin in the TARDIS.
LUCIE MILLER: What, DiCaprio? Blimey.
THE DOCTOR: Da Vinci. Well, he asks - well, he begs actually for me to take him to Bethlehem.
LUCIE MILLER: *The* Bethlehem?
THE DOCTOR: That's the one. Judea, round about zero BC, AD. He wanted to study the local light and colour for his Adoration painting. He was determined to get the truth into his work, even if he never did finish half the things he started. Head too full of ideas, this was his problem.
ALEX CAMPBELL: You're joking. A-aren't you? He is joking.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Grandfather, you're amazing. So what did you find?
THE DOCTOR: Well ... it wasn't an easy date to nail down, I mean, you could forget December the Twenty-Fifth, for a start.
LUCIE MILLER: I bet you couldn't find it.
THE DOCTOR: But I managed to work it out from census records in Rome. So we arrived. Right place, right time, Bethlehem, silent night, shepherds guarding their flocks.
ALEX CAMPBELL: And?
THE DOCTOR: We checked out nearly all the inns of the town. All of them, packed out. No vacancies. Only one inn left. It was at the far end of town, with a stable attached. But as we approached it, Leonardo got more and more nervous. Finally he stopped, and refused point blank to go a step further. Poor man got quite upset.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Why? Surely he had to see inside?
THE DOCTOR: I told him it would be all right, of course. But he didn't dare look, for fear of...
(Power fades down, then up.)
LUCIE MILLER: There goes the power again.
THE DOCTOR: Well anyway, the upshot is, I took the poor chap for a slap-up dinner, and then home to the Fifteenth Century again. He did a terrific painting, though, even if he didn't finish it. Lovely golden light and Schiumata to die for.
LUCIE MILLER: It's gone cold again. Can't you feel it? Are you certain that fish is locked away?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Grandfather, you are incredible. A very special toast to you.
(Clink of glasses.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Happy Christmas! Thank you so much for inviting us.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Yeah, Happy Christmas, Granddad.
THE DOCTOR: And a very special toast to the cook. I couldn't have done it without you. Happy Christmas, Lucie.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Happy Christmas, Lucie!
ALEX CAMPBELL: Happy Christmas. Brilliant dinner.
LUCIE MILLER: It's doing it again. The lights are flickering.
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry you missed out on the presents, but here is something special from me to you.
LUCIE MILLER: You don't get it, do you? None of you listen. You're so busy with your perfect little Christmas.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Er ... what was that?
THE DOCTOR: It's the stasis field, it's fracturing.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: The Fledershrews. They're swarming.
THE DOCTOR: Something's chasing them.
LUCIE MILLER: That fish has broken out.
(Swarming.)
ALEX CAMPBELL: Mum, look out.
THE DOCTOR: Right over the console.

SUSAN CAMPBELL: There's someone clinging to its side.
(Echoing voice.)
LUCIE MILLER: He's wearing an insulation suit.
THE DOCTOR: A TARDIS insulation suit.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Why is he holding on? Let go.
(Faint voice asking them to reset something.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Keep clear.
THE DOCTOR: He's caught on its spines. He can't get free.
(Further faint voice.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, is that you?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Look out!
(Sound fades.)
THE DOCTOR: It's gone.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, was he you?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Where has it gone?
THE DOCTOR: It's not just pan-dimensional, it's pan-temporal too, jumping back and forth in Time.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Grandfather, is Lucie right? Was it you?
LUCIE MILLER: He sounded like you.
THE DOCTOR: Perhaps. But perhaps that bit hasn't happened yet. Still, there's no point worrying now, we haven't had pudding yet.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Pudding?
LUCIE MILLER: You are joking me?
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, there's something we must do. Through here, come on.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, okay.
(Running off.)
ALEX CAMPBELL: He is barking. I knew he was right, he - he's a total nutter.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Pudding's the last thing I want.

LUCIE MILLER: You had me worried there. I thought you didn't have a plan. So, what do we do?
THE DOCTOR: Hold these.
LUCIE MILLER: Ribbon? Pink ribbon?
THE DOCTOR: Thank you.
LUCIE MILLER: What are you doing?
THE DOCTOR: You'll see. Now, hold one piece up there. A bit higher, that's it. Now, I pin it to the wall there, and if you reel it down the other side...
LUCIE MILLER: The other side of what? There's nothing there, it's a blank wall.
THE DOCTOR: Hold still, Lucie. There. There we are.
LUCIE MILLER: It's the stress, isn't it? It gets to all of us.
THE DOCTOR: A-and loop across again. Please.
(LUCIE MILLER sighs.)
LUCIE MILLER: Certainly gets to me.
THE DOCTOR: Lower. Thank you. There. Good. I am well aware of the danger, you know. That fish is destabilising the TARDIS's integrity.
LUCIE MILLER: The TARDIS? How?
THE DOCTOR: All that leaping about in Space and Time. And if that's the future, if that's my future, then I'll have to face it one day but Lucie, nothing, nothing will ruin my family's Christmas. Now then. There's a wall console somewhere here.
(Metal click.)
THE DOCTOR: Aha.
(Bleeps.)
LUCIE MILLER: It's a door! Where did that come from? It's one of the doors I saw earlier.
THE DOCTOR: Look at that. We've got the ribbons wrapped round it exactly. It's Susan's other present. It's her old room.

(Plates and things being moved.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Alex, do something. Help me clear the table.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Oh - hey, do you remember how to pilot the TARDIS?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: No, it's all different now. I don't trust myself to recognise the controls. But

if we're in flight sooner or later we'll have to land somewhere.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Then we could try and flush that fish thing out.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: If it doesn't catch us first. It's Lucie I feel sorry for. If Grandfather had two heads, I'd knock them together.
ALEX CAMPBELL: What, like you know lots of people with two heads?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Hmm. That fish. It's like something I saw once, only much, much bigger. Years ago it was. A little dried air-fish I bought, at a bridge market on the planet Quinnis. Well, Grandfather bought it for me really because I liked the colours. This one's just like it. All those red stripes.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Only this one's alive. Do you still have it?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: No. It was left behind when I left the TARDIS and stayed on Earth.
(LUCIE MILLER clears her throat.)
LUCIE MILLER: Excuse me?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Oh, hi, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: The, er, Doctor has a surprise for you, Susan, along the corridor.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: What sort of surprise?
THE DOCTOR: Come on, Susan. What's keeping you?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Just me?
THE DOCTOR: For the moment.
ALEX CAMPBELL: I'm right here, Mum. Just shout.
THE DOCTOR: Come on.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Won't be long.
(Walking off.)
LUCIE MILLER: Sorry about your Granddad. He's a bit on edge.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Yeah, just a bit. Is he safe?
LUCIE MILLER: Better not let him hear you say that.
ALEX CAMPBELL: I meant for Mum to be with.
(Rattling.)
LUCIE MILLER: Don't move. There.
ALEX CAMPBELL: It's the fish.
(Rattling continues.)

SUSAN CAMPBELL: It's a door, Grandfather. Like the ones in the old-style TARDIS.
THE DOCTOR: Read the card.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: To Susan with all my love. I'm sorry it took so long. Grandfather.
THE DOCTOR: It's *your* door. It's your other present. Happy Christmas.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh. The door to my room. But it was further down before.
THE DOCTOR: I've rearranged things a bit, that's all, but it is your room. I've kept it shut ever since. No-one's been inside. So all the belongings you left behind are still there.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Grandfather, it was *you* who shut me out of the TARDIS.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, but I did come back. I promised I would.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Eventually.
THE DOCTOR: I thought you'd be pleased.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: I don't know what to say. Yes. Yes of course I am.
THE DOCTOR: Go on then, Susan, open it.

LUCIE MILLER: Alex, stay still.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Just its fin showing. Wow, look at those spines.
LUCIE MILLER: It's circling us. The rest of it's under the surface of our dimensions. That's what the Doctor said.
ALEX CAMPBELL: It's playing with us.
LUCIE MILLER: Or sizing us up for dinner.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Oh - may... maybe it wants a bit of turkey.
LUCIE MILLER: Careful.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Here you are. You want this?
LUCIE MILLER: Alex.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Go on, fetch.
LUCIE MILLER: Careful!
ALEX CAMPBELL: No, it's not interested. It's submerging again.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, horrible thing. No sign of them hang-clung to it, though. Look out, its tail!

(Crash.)
ALEX CAMPBELL: Oh, it dived. That's when ... that's when whales go deep when you see the tail.
LUCIE MILLER: Are you okay?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Yeah, I'm okay. But where's it gone to?
LUCIE MILLER: Same place it came from? Alex, your Mum. She said she'd had a fish like that.
ALEX CAMPBELL: You were listening?
LUCIE MILLER: I couldn't help it, I was there. But suppose the fish is the same one she left behind?
ALEX CAMPBELL: But that was small and dead.
LUCIE MILLER: You think it's not a coincidence? Suppose it was alive? You know what aliens are like. Sometimes it's hard to tell. Suppose it was in your Mum's room.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Does Mum have a room?
LUCIE MILLER: She soon will have. Oh no. If it's jumping about in Time, maybe it hasn't escaped yet. It's still in there.
(Running off.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor! Doctor, don't do it! Don't open the door!

THE DOCTOR: Go on, Susan, open it.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Did you really miss me so much that you turned my room into a shrine?
THE DOCTOR: Not exactly, but after you'd gone I put the room in storage up on the TARDIS holding ring, just in case you ever came back. So go on, open it up, it's all yours.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh, ribbons and everything!
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, don't open the door!
THE DOCTOR: Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: The fish. We think it's inside Susan's room.
THE DOCTOR: That's just silly.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Mum, get clear of the door.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: My little air fish? But it was dead.
THE DOCTOR: And the room's been in stasis. It has been for years, more than years.
(Rumbling.)
ALEX CAMPBELL: There is something in there.
LUCIE MILLER: Maybe the stasis wasn't ... stasis-ey enough, and it's had all this time to grow.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Perhaps the fish was dormant, not dead at all.
THE DOCTOR: Or my downloading of the room resurrected it. Right, everyone stay clear, I'm loading it back on the ring.
LUCIE MILLER: The power.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh no.
THE DOCTOR: Still some lights from the walls.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Those have phosphorescence. That's clever.
LUCIE MILLER: We'd better block that door.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Grandfather, behind you.
THE DOCTOR: Well, well.
ALEX CAMPBELL: It's another fish. There's more than one.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, no, no - only one. How crafty is that? He jumped back in time to make sure its younger self gets free.
(Crash at door.)
THE DOCTOR: Now, get back all of you.
LUCIE MILLER: That door won't hold much longer.
THE DOCTOR: But we know this one has to escape.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: What are you doing? Don't touch the door.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Of course, 'cause ... that's the bit we can't change, it has to escape. Its future's here already.
THE DOCTOR: Good Alex, that's right! Now, come on you overgrown tiddler, is this what you're after, your past?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Grandfather!
THE DOCTOR: That's it, closer. Stand back, everyone. I'm about to open this door.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, be careful.
THE DOCTOR: Closer, and out he comes!
(Screech.)

LUCIE MILLER: Doctor!
(THE DOCTOR gasps.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Grandfather! Please be all right.
LUCIE MILLER: Listen to his hearts.
ALEX CAMPBELL: His hearts?
LUCIE MILLER: Both going like the Grand National.
ALEX CAMPBELL He has more than one? Mum, you don't...
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh, not now, Alex. Oh yes, they're galloping along, aren't they? It's hardly surprising. He took the charges from both fish when they collided.
THE DOCTOR: He wasn't there?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Grandfather?
THE DOCTOR: The man in the insulation suit.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh, you're all right. Thank goodness.
THE DOCTOR: Clinging on like Ahab to the white whale. Oh, these are racing a bit.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Please sit quietly, you've had a shock.
THE DOCTOR: You're not kidding. I counted every volt. I'm still smoking. Where's the fish? Did it survive, both of it?
LUCIE MILLER: They both whooshed away.
THE DOCTOR: Still here then? Bother.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: You were hoping the Blinovitch collision of present and future fish would cause them to cancel each other out, weren't you? It was a good plan.
THE DOCTOR: Didn't work, though.
LUCIE MILLER: And now there's no power. The TARDIS has gone dead quiet.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Without power the TARDIS systems will start to shut down.
THE DOCTOR: The fish is leeching off the TARDIS's energy reserves, feeding its electric habit, and that leaves us drifting, no chance of reaching anywhere to flush the brute out. Alex?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Granddad?
THE DOCTOR: I need your help.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Fishing trip by any chance?
THE DOCTOR: You must be reading my mind. Ever studied telepathy?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Sorry. Just guessed.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Please be careful.
THE DOCTOR: I will.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: I meant Alex!
LUCIE MILLER: They're bonding already. A week ago that would have been me.

THE DOCTOR: Over here, Alex. Now, we need to get this floor panel open.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Right.
THE DOCTOR: One heave should do it. Together.
(THE DOCTOR and ALEX CAMPBELL grunts of effort.)
THE DOCTOR: Right.
(Metal moved aside.)
THE DOCTOR: This leads down to the TARDIS power house.
ALEX CAMPBELL: It's dark down there. We'll need a torch.
THE DOCTOR: My thought exactly. Here we are.
(Click of torch. Sniffs.)
ALEX CAMPBELL: Right. Burning. Can you smell it?
(Echoing voice of THE DOCTOR asking them to help him and other words.)
ALEX CAMPBELL: What's that?
THE DOCTOR: My future, I think. Let's just not go there.

(Heavy metal door opened.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh, my room!
LUCIE MILLER: Blimey. Totally trashed. I'm sorry, Susan.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh, it's all wrecked. Look. Oh, these are the shells I collected from the moon beach on Thorassa.
LUCIE MILLER: Nice colours.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Mm.
LUCIE MILLER: What's left of them.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh no. Oh, the cloak that Alydon gave me on Skaro.

LUCIE MILLER: Skaro? Isn't that...?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh, I wish Grandfather hadn't done this. I didn't need reminding.
LUCIE MILLER: You were so excited. But he doesn't always get it, does he?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: No, he never has. Now it's all wrecked.
LUCIE MILLER: You know what his head's like. A big tick list of who's invading who or what planet's where.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: He always wants his own way, and we're just along for the ride.
LUCIE MILLER: Even bloomin' Christmas. He's all great complicated ideas, but who did all the cooking, all the practical stuff?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: But we used to laugh a lot too. And the places he took me.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, and the people he upset along the way.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh Lucie, thanks for looking after him.
LUCIE MILLER: (Laugh.) He's such a plonker. (Sigh.) But we still love him, don't we?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Despite everything.
LUCIE MILLER: Because of everything.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Look. Here's the little case the fish came in.
LUCIE MILLER: Blitzen fish, dried on Quinnis.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Mm.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, that's a big help.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Lucie, I don't want Alex to go off in the TARDIS.
LUCIE MILLER: May be a bit late for that.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: He has his own dreams to fulfil. We're still rebuilding Earth after the Daleks nearly wiped it out.
LUCIE MILLER: Did they? When was that? Strewth! Everywhere you turn, it's always Daleks smashing things up.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: We really need Alex. The whole world does, not just me. But if Grandfather lures him away...
(Echoing rattling noises.)
LUCIE MILLER: If we still *have* a TARDIS by then.

(Climbing down a metal staircase.)
ALEX CAMPBELL: Nearly at the bottom.
THE DOCTOR: Down here under the control room is the Fledershrew's favourite roost.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Granddad?
THE DOCTOR: No, don't stop there, move to the side, let me down.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Look. Fledershrews all over the floor. They're not moving.
THE DOCTOR: The whole colony, all burnt alive. Their species was near extinction on their home world but they adopted the TARDIS as a new home, and I let them stay. I quite like their company.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Sorry, Granddad.
(Echoing voice starts again)
Echoing Voice: (THE DOCTOR) Alex! Lucie!
THE DOCTOR: That fish. Invading my home, threatening my family and friends and my defenceless guests.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Hey, we'll track it down.
THE DOCTOR: Thrashing about in Time like a shark in a goldfish bowl, it's wrecking my ship!
ALEX CAMPBELL: We'll find a way to get rid of it.
THE DOCTOR: Not just the ship either.
ALEX CAMPBELL: What do you mean?
THE DOCTOR: Well, haven't you noticed? Ever since the fish appeared my reactions and emotions have been all over the place. It's like a sort of panic, pressing in, crushing me. It's very unnerving, I don't trust my judgements any more.
ALEX CAMPBELL: No, I don't think that's the fish.
THE DOCTOR: What else could it be?
ALEX CAMPBELL: It's Christmas, Granddad.
THE DOCTOR: Christmas?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Yeah. Everyone gets like that.
THE DOCTOR: But it's a holiday!
ALEX CAMPBELL: It's the stress. You should see Mum freak if Christmas dinner isn't perfect.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, perfect. Everything has to be perfect. Of course. Christmas, Alex. That

explains everything ... Thank you, now I understand. No wonder people take two weeks off.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Not a problem. Do you feel better now?
THE DOCTOR: Strangely, yes. Come on, through here.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Right.
THE DOCTOR: Alex, once we've sorted this out, how would you like to travel with me?
ALEX CAMPBELL: In the TARDIS?
THE DOCTOR: No Gallifreyan educational stuff, I promise. Just places to explore, people to meet, like a gap year away. I could have you back the same day you left. Even your Mum couldn't disapprove of that.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Well, she would if it was Christmas.
THE DOCTOR: Perhaps. Now, have a think about it. It's your choice.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Hey, there's something ahead.
THE DOCTOR: All right, be careful.
ALEX CAMPBELL: There it is. It's got bigger.
THE DOCTOR: It's latched onto the energy core. It's guzzling straight from it.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Okay, so we shut down the core and flush the fish out. Sorted.
THE DOCTOR: We can't just dump it anywhere - even if we found a suitable environment, we have no power to get there.
ALEX CAMPBELL: So whatever we do we're trapped in a dead ship, drifting outside Space and Time forever. Do you know what? You're as bad as Mum.
THE DOCTOR: I'm not being negative, Alex, I'm being responsible. Are you sure you weren't reading my mind?

(Item drops.)
LUCIE MILLER: Sorry. Can't find a torch anywhere. Anything?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Not yet. But I remember most of these books. Why are you whispering?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, it's a library, innit?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Hold the candle still.
LUCIE MILLER: Sorry.
(Shifting metal noises.)
LUCIE MILLER: The TARDIS doesn't sound happy, does it?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh, here, this is it. Oh, it's heavy.
(Blowing on it. LUCIE MILLER coughs and groans.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Doesn't he ever dust anything? What's the book? Oh. Gauntlet's bestiary of the fourth Universe. Sounds exciting. How many Universes are there?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Hmm. Think of a number. Now then. Fish, fish...
LUCIE MILLER: B... litzen fish.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh yeah. B... b... b... Blide strawberry.
LUCIE MILLER: Does that count as a beast?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Blinny Scuttle-dabs. Blister beetle. Eurgh!
LUCIE MILLER: Eurgh, yuck. It's getting cold in here. I think I might go for me cardie.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Candle, please!
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, sorry, sorry.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Blithe Wings. Oh!
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, cute.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Here it is. Blitzen fish.
LUCIE MILLER: That's him.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Also known as a Resurrection fish due to long periods of hibernation. Oh ... Capable of generating powerful electric shocks ... Uh ... Used for hunting and self-defence.
LUCIE MILLER: Frying tonight.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah ... Pan dimensional. Native to the Aurora Gloriosa Region.
LUCIE MILLER: Aha!
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Largest specimen ... Fourteen point seven metres?!
THE DOCTOR: So ours is a shrimp by comparison.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Did you find the fish?
ALEX CAMPBELL: It's feeding on the TARDIS's power.
THE DOCTOR: But if we shut down the energy core we can lure the fish away and trap it.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Sounds dangerous.

THE DOCTOR: It was Alex's idea.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Yeah - see, the TARDIS architecture is variable, yeah? So we shift the walls around to trap the fish, then we take it home and release it.
THE DOCTOR: I wish I'd thought of that.
LUCIE MILLER: Hang on, don't we need power to do that? If you switch off at the mains...
THE DOCTOR: Ah well, there is a small back-up supply for use in direst emergencies.
LUCIE MILLER: How dire does it have to get?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: And what are you using as bait?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Well, I can provide that.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh no.
THE DOCTOR: No Alex, you're the architect, you build the trap. I'm the bait. I've got my insulation suit all ready.
LUCIE MILLER: You're teasing the fish in that suit? No, Doctor. You know what'll happen. You'll be skewered and dragged all over - we've already seen it.
THE DOCTOR: Sorry Lucie, sometimes the future is unavoidable.

SUSAN CAMPBELL: Activating the auxiliary power.
ALEX CAMPBELL: All right. Granddad, are you receiving me? Over.
THE DOCTOR: (communicator) Loud and clear. I'm entering the corridor now. You're sure you understand the controls?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Yeah, easy. Close corridor three at both ends and tighten length, width and height.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Leaving a door for him to get out.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Yeah, I know, Mum.
THE DOCTOR: (communicator) Then lock down the stasis button to limit the fish's time-jumping.
LUCIE MILLER: You think that'll work?
THE DOCTOR: (communicator) Any better ideas?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Good luck, Grandfather.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Yeah, good luck.
LUCIE MILLER: Hold tight, won't you?
THE DOCTOR: (communicator) Right, I'm activating the search flare to attract our electric friend. Give it ten seconds before you start moving the walls.
(Hiss.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Shutting down energy core.
ALEX CAMPBELL: It won't like that.
LUCIE MILLER: Three, four, five...
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh, hurry up, you horrible thing.
(THE DOCTOR's voice asking to clamp is being obscured by static.)
ALEX CAMPBELL: Clamping walls in now.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, get out of there.
THE DOCTOR: (communicator) Alex, make the door bigger, I can't get out.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Alex, do something.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Dimensions aren't holding.
THE DOCTOR: (communicator) Alex...
LUCIE MILLER: Hit the stasis, freeze it.
(THE DOCTOR cry on communicator.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Grandfather!
LUCIE MILLER: He's gone. It's happened.
ALEX CAMPBELL: I've lost him.
LUCIE MILLER: The fish is jumping with the Doctor attached, back and forth in Time.
(Sudden echoing, THE DOCTOR's cry.)
ALEX CAMPBELL: Oh, there he is.
THE DOCTOR: (echoed) Alex! Anyone. I can't get free!
LUCIE MILLER: Gone again.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Can you track him?
ALEX CAMPBELL: I don't know. I don't really know how any of this works. I could try narrowing the internal field to maybe pin him down that way.
LUCIE MILLER: Will it work?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Just do it!

(Buttons pressed. Error noise.)
LUCIE MILLER: That doesn't sound right.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: The walls. They're shrinking.
LUCIE MILLER: Turn it off. Put it in reverse.
ALEX CAMPBELL: I can't.
(Echoing cry, LUCIE MILLER and SUSAN CAMPBELL gasp for breath,)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Where are we?
LUCIE MILLER: I don't know. Never been here before.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Yeah, thanks Alex, thanks for getting us out of there.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm grateful, believe me, but we still need to find the Doctor.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: All these doors. Just lined up like pictures in an art gallery.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm, like numbers on a roulette wheel. The holding ring. The Doctor said he stored old rooms here. And going by the card on this door, it belonged to Ian.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Ian Chesterton.
ALEX CAMPBELL: What? The Ian from the stories?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: That's him.
(Door tried.)
LUCIE MILLER: It's locked.
(Walking.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: And here's Barbara. She taught History. And here's the gap where my room was.
ALEX CAMPBELL: This door's Vicki.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Vicki?
LUCIE MILLER: Who knows? Queen Victoria, maybe. And Steven ... Dodo ... Polly ... Ben...
SUSAN CAMPBELL: So many of them. Right into the distance.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Jamie, Victoria, and on...
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Did they all travel with him?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Hey, what about the other way?
(Walking.)
LUCIE MILLER: It's creepy. Like a ring of memorial headstones.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Mum, the door before your space.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: If mine's the first then this must be the last on the ring. Is it Lucie's?
LUCIE MILLER: Not mine. Tamsin's.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Who's Tamsin?
LUCIE MILLER: Long story.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh.
ALEX CAMPBELL: It says ... it says Alex.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: What?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, well done, Doctor.
(Reading paper or card.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: He's planning ahead. He's already decided.
ALEX CAMPBELL: I hate this. People always mapping out my life.

(Echoing sounds.)
THE DOCTOR: Hoi! Those are my Fledershrews. Leave them alone. Pick on something your own size.
(THE DOCTOR sudden gasp.)
THE DOCTOR: Whoah! Whoah, whoah, whoah, whoah, hold still, will you? It's like riding a bronco cactus. Ow! These wretched spines of yours get everywhere.
(Echoing call from LUCIE MILLER.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, the trap.
(More echoing calling out.)
THE DOCTOR: No, no, slow down, slow down, steady, steady, stick to one Time, there, that's it, that's it, that's good, nice and steady. We're alike, you and me, both time-hoppers. Steady now. You want to go home, but this is*my* home, not yours. Ow! Ow. You have your rightful time and place - ow, ow! - we all do, but not in here, this is mine. Sorry, sorry, didn't mean to be unreasonable. I've got a lot on at the moment, but I need to get you home. Whoah!
ALEX CAMPBELL: (echoed) Hey, there he is.
THE DOCTOR: Alex, Alex, I can't get free. That was Alex. He's my great grandson, chip off the old block, he'll sort us out. Alex, Alex, can you hear me? It's Granddad. Whoah! Alex, come on,

you're telepathic, you must be. It's in your blood. Listen to me. Reset the trap. Whoah! Alex, please listen, Alex, reset the trap.

SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh, it's colder and darker. I think the emergency power's running out.
LUCIE MILLER: Can't breathe. The air's gone like syrup.
(Walking back quickly.)
ALEX CAMPBELL: One circuit right round. There must be over fifty doors.
LUCIE MILLER: Fifty doors and nowhere to go.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Did you hear something?
LUCIE MILLER: Just the TARDIS's final croak.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: No - no, it's in my head. Hello? Grandfather?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Here, what's she on about now?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, probably delirious.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Quiet, both of you. Grandfather? No, no it's Susan. Are you all right? It's Grandfather.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Granddad.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Yes. Yes, he's here. Alex is here. I can't pass you over. Because ... because he's not telepathic, Grandfather. I told you. All right. Yes. A reset sequence?
ALEX CAMPBELL: A reset sequence? Where?
LUCIE MILLER: Are those walls coming closer, or is it just me?
(Grinding continues.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: No, we're not in the control room. We're on the holding ring. Yes. Yes, we did see all the doors. A keypad in the wall? But where?
LUCIE MILLER: Here. It's over here.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Alex, key in the sequence. Three, three, nine.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Yeah.
(Tapping on keypad.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Three, one, zero.
(Tapping on keypad.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Zero, zero.
(Tapping on keypad.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Alpha, lambda.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Lambda? Which one's lambda?
LUCIE MILLER: I can't breathe ... any more.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: There, look - lambda, upside-down Y.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Lambda, yeah, got it.
(Tapping on keypad.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Zero, zero.
((Tapping on keypad. Noise of transference to another place. SUSAN CAMPBELL sigh of relief.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: The control room. It worked!
ALEX CAMPBELL: Back where we were.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! Air again. I thought I was gonna choke.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Grandfather, we're back. Grandfather? Are you there?

(THE DOCTOR speaks to SUSAN CAMPBELL in echo.)
THE DOCTOR: Susan, listen.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: (echoing) I hear you, Grandfather.
THE DOCTOR: There's a second surge flare in the trap. One of you must activate it. Tell the others.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: (echoing) And once the fish is inside, what then?
THE DOCTOR: Shut the walls, and reopen the energy core. I've set the co-ordinates, the TARDIS will travel straight to the Aurora Gloriosa. Then eject the corridor trap from the TARDIS and the fish will be free.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: (echoing) What about you?
THE DOCTOR: Don't worry about me. If something happens, if I don't get clear, then the TARDIS belongs to Alex. It's his inheritance, his birthright.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: (echoing) Oh, but Grandfather...
THE DOCTOR: That's my final word. Now, get on with it. And please hurry.

SUSAN CAMPBELL: Grandfather! Oh, I've lost him.
LUCIE MILLER: I'll activate the flare.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: No, Lucie!
LUCIE MILLER: You have to pilot the ship, Alex has to work the walls. I've got a suit, I'll be fine.
(Running off.)
ALEX CAMPBELL: Lucie, come back.
LUCIE MILLER: (calling) You're his future, not me. Just do it.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Mum, she can't.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Alex, she won't listen. Just stand by with the walls.

LUCIE MILLER: Okay Alex, ready? Activating the flare now.
ALEX CAMPBELL: (communicator) Ready.
(Hiss of flare.)
LUCIE MILLER: There it goes.
(Flare ignites. Growl of fish.)
LUCIE MILLER: It's here already, the fish. Close the walls.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, get clear.
LUCIE MILLER: I have to cut you free first.
THE DOCTOR: The walls are coming in.
LUCIE MILLER: Hold still, will you.
THE DOCTOR: Get clear!
LUCIE MILLER: Hold still!
(LUCIE MILLER grunts.)
LUCIE MILLER: Done it. Come on.
THE DOCTOR: The door. Get out, get out!
(Door closed.)
THE DOCTOR: Alex, we're out. Open the energy core, eject the trap.
ALEX CAMPBELL: (communicator) I'm trying. The power's too low in the core.
LUCIE MILLER: The walls won't hold for long.
THE DOCTOR: Alex, re-route the drive systems. Six, nine, one, lambda. Harness the fish. Use its energy.
ALEX CAMPBELL: (communicator) Got it.
LUCIE MILLER: It's working.
THE DOCTOR: Look at it. Poor old chap. Thank you. Don't worry, we'll soon have you home.

(TARDIS materialises. Control room.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: The Aurora Gloriosa.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Is that it?
THE DOCTOR: Some people find it impressive.
LUCIE MILLER: Glarey. Like a knickerbocker gloriosa, only without the...
THE DOCTOR: Lucie! The TARDIS core is back to seventy per cent capacity. Time we let our catch off the hook. Alex?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Okay. Releasing trap ... now.
(Bleeps.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Where is he?
LUCIE MILLER: There. There he goes.
THE DOCTOR: Without even a thank you. Off into the wide black yonder.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, well...
THE DOCTOR: Don't look so glum, you lot. I don't know what the date is out there but it's still Christmas in here, and I have one last surprise. Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: Mm?
THE DOCTOR: The coats are in the wardrobe.
(Zooming past in space. TARDIS dematerialisation.)

LUCIE MILLER: Alex Campbell?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Uh?
(Snowball thrown.)
ALEX CAMPBELL: Ow!
(LUCIE MILLER laughs.)
ALEX CAMPBELL: Oi, you better not try that again, Miller.

LUCIE MILLER: (laughs.) You can't catch me.
(Snowball thrown. LUCIE MILLER cries out. SUSAN CAMPBELL laughs as LUCIE MILLER and ALEX CAMPBELL in the background frolic in the snow.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Grandfather!
LUCIE MILLER: I'm taking you down, Campbell!
SUSAN CAMPBELL: It couldn't be more Christmassy.
THE DOCTOR: It's the yuleyest world I know. Look, if you must use a carrot for my nose, at least make it a distinguished-looking carrot.
(SUSAN CAMPBELL laughs.)
THE DOCTOR: Here.
(Pressing in onto snow.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: And Brussels sprouts for your eyes, I think.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie will appreciate that. She's a big fan of sprouts.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: There we are.
THE DOCTOR: I don't look a bit like that.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: But you used to.
THE DOCTOR; Hey. Come on, time to watch the Queen's Speech on the Time-Space Visualiser.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: The what?
THE DOCTOR: Nineteen Fifty-Three was a very good year, I hear. And that pudding must be done by now.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Grandfather, those rooms - what were you thinking of?
THE DOCTOR: All right, all right. I admit after you'd gone, after I locked you out, I kept your room as a remembrance. And then I kept most of the others too - so many now.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: You are sentimental.
THE DOCTOR: Starting a new room is easier than cleaning. Anyway, there's not much permanence in my life. I have to hang onto *something* .
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh, Grandfather.
THE DOCTOR: I meant what I said about Alex, you know. One day the TARDIS will be his. But he must travel with me first. He has a lot to learn.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: You're probably right. But shouldn't we let him be the judge of that?
(Running in snow.)
ALEX CAMPBELL: Snow attack.
LUCIE MILLER: Yes. Watch out, Time Lord..
(Snowball throwing.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie! Ow, ow, ow, ow. Alex, don't do that. I'm an old man.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Alex, your Granddad wants to talk to you.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Me?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Yes. Something important.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Oh, right.
LUCIE MILLER: And that's good, 'cause we've got something important to tell you too.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. Erm ... Alex wants to do this grand tour of Europe.
ALEX CAMPBELL: To look at all the architecture that's left, yeah? All the historical stuff, and ... Lucie says she'll come with me.
THE DOCTOR: With you? On Earth?
LUCIE MILLER: I swore I'd do the lot, after last Christmas, you know - Rome, Paris, Florence. Only, I couldn't find anyone to go with. Well, I have now. It'd be a laugh.
THE DOCTOR: Susan ... you approve, no doubt?
SUSAN CAMPBELL: I think it's just what Alex needs.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Yeah, it's gonna be really great. Even better with someone to share it with. Sorry, Granddad, what did you want to say?
THE DOCTOR: Erm, er ... Yes, yes, excellent, excellent. Well, have a really good time. Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: I've spent so long away from home, from Earth that is, I think it's about time I explored my own backyard for a bit.
THE DOCTOR: Please look after him.
LUCIE MILLER: I will, Doctor. I promise.

(TARDIS materialisation. Inside console room.)
THE DOCTOR: Well, here we are, home again. For you lot, anyway. You've got all your bags?

SUSAN CAMPBELL: Yes, I think we've got everything. Thank you, Grandfather, so much. Please, can we do this again?
THE DOCTOR: Of course. Soon. But no fish next time.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh, I do hope not.
(TARDIS door opening. Door opened to outside. A choir hums Silent Night.)
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Oh, it's lovely.
THE DOCTOR: Alex?
ALEX CAMPBELL: Thanks, Granddad. It's been great.
THE DOCTOR: Yes it has. Look after Lucie, please. And don't let her teach you any bad habits. Safely home now.
ALEX CAMPBELL: On the bus. See you soon.
THE DOCTOR: Absolutely. Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. You big old daft old Time Lord thingy.
(Sobbing.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh...!
THE DOCTOR: Goodbye, Lucie. Take care of yourself.
LUCIE MILLER: I will. Besides, it's not like it's forever, is it?
THE DOCTOR: Isn't it?
LUCIE MILLER: Course not. Same time next year?
THE DOCTOR: I'd like that.
LUCIE MILLER: Love you. Bye.
THE DOCTOR: Bye.
ALEX CAMPBELL: Bye, Granddad.
SUSAN CAMPBELL: Goodbye, Grandfather.
(Door closed. TARDIS dematerialisation.)
LUCIE MILLER: Bye.

(In TARDIS console room. Console room bleeps. "Silent Night" being sung in the background.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh no, Lucie, I never gave you your present. Any of your presents.
(Opening package.)
THE DOCTOR: Socks. Great minds, eh? Woolly hat, which you'd hate. Key to the TARDIS with a musical key-ring. Nicked that idea from Tamsin.
(Electronic device playing "We Wish You A Merry Christmas" tune.)
THE DOCTOR: Bag of bread crumbs for Santa's reindeer. You see, I do listen. Ah, that's no good. I live too much in the past. Holding ring, delete all saved rooms. No, wait. Let's save that one, shall we?
(Bleeps.)
THE DOCTOR: Just for now. Happy Christmas, Doctor. And Happy Christmas to everyone else too, if anyone's listening.
(Conclusion of Silent Night being sung by a choir.)